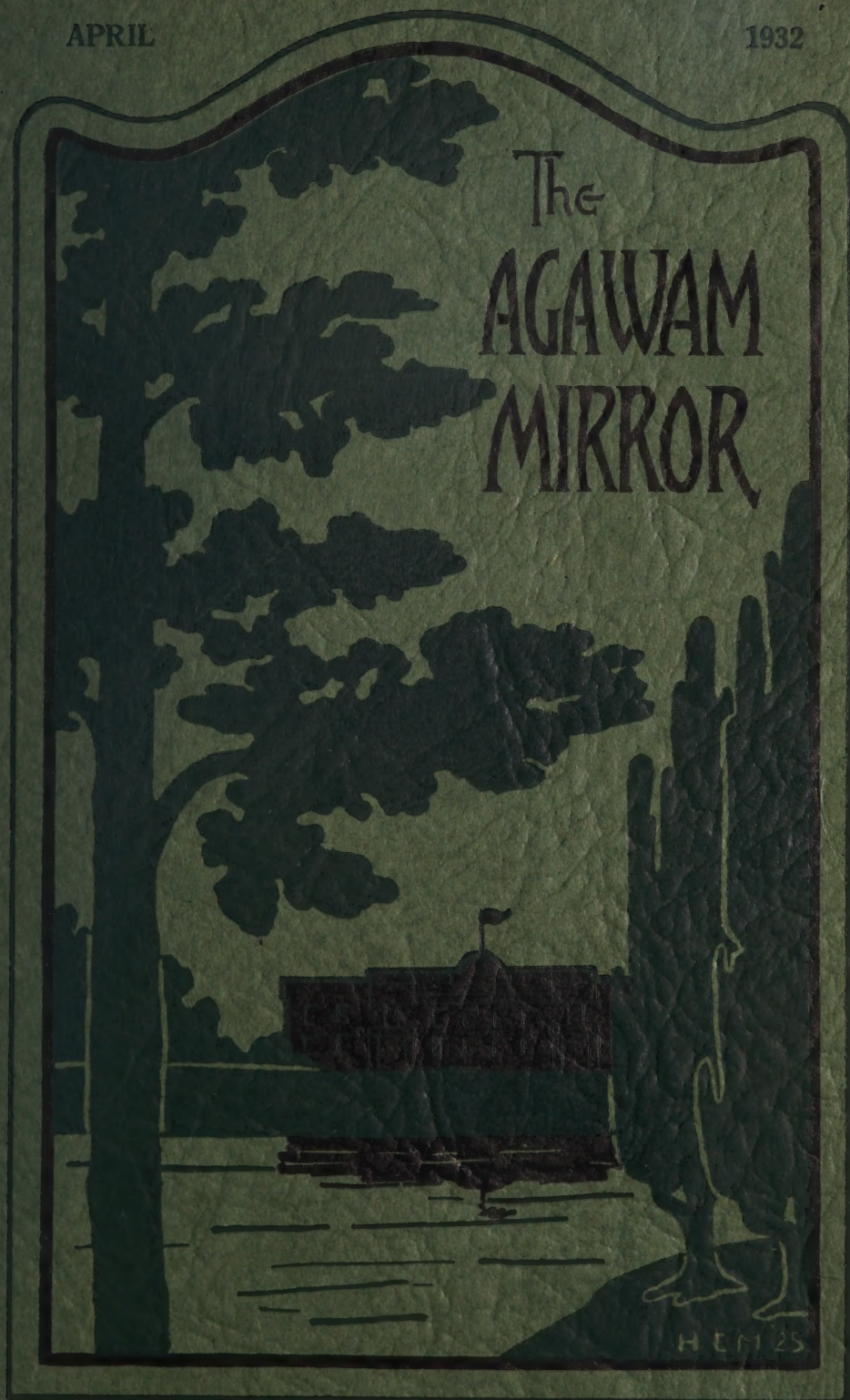


APRIL

1932

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Myrven Barnard

Art Editor, Marcel Rioux

Nellie I. Button, *Staff Advisor*

May M. Crowley, *Art Advisor*

CONTENTS

	Page
The Magic in Her Violin, Norma Broggi.....	5
Geese in Northward Flight, Edna Rust.....	8
Our Agricultural Department, Stanley Savage.....	9
Bluebirds and Robins, Lena Lodi.....	10
On Unpreparing Lessons, Winifred Carroll.....	10
Editorials, Creighton Abrams.....	11
Mirrored Events.....	12
Athletics.....	14
Junior High.....	15
Alumni.....	16
Spice Box.....	17

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The Magic In Her Violin

By NORMA BROGGI

A glorious warmth had been enveloping the usually drab potato fields in the outskirts of Dublin. Irene Lynd, too, felt the change. The slight breeze caught her wispy dark tresses, gave her light-skinned beauty a rich wholesomeness, and enhanced the sparkle of her soft, magically changeable blue eyes. As her graceful body moved rhythmically to and fro, her arms gently wielding the hoe, she resembled a gorgeous, long-stemmed wild rose, its petals tossed by a breath of wind.

Irene was so very beautiful that people forgot to be practical. Thomas McAvery, a prosperous young farmer too, overlooked the fact that she was a poor orphan, and wished to marry her. Irene was thinking as she hoed how often he had told her, "My farm is the most prosperous one in the county. You ought to be very happy to have me for a husband, and I will be the envy of the whole town with so pretty and capable a wife."

Trying to put thoughts of Thomas aside, Irene trotted homeward, her step gay and lively. Her thoughts ran, "Aunt Elvira's such a dear to let me work out in the fields instead of in the textile factory. I wish I did love Thomas McAvery and could please her by marrying him, but I could never never be happy with him. He's so practical! Oh, I wonder what piece of music Uncle will bring me from Dublin tonight!" her thoughts changed. "Perhaps I'll have time to play it before supper. I do hope he doesn't spend too much money for me. He and Aunt Elvira are always so good to me, I can never seem to repay them."

That night when the supper dishes had been cleared away, Uncle Patrick sent Irene to the surrounding farms to summon the folk, both young and old, to a grand old time, to celebrate the election of the new President. The Irish are very fond of these

gatherings, and Irene's household was no exception.

As she sauntered briskly down the sandy road, she encountered Solomon, the keeper of the general store in the village. He greeted her with the Gaelic "Go mbean-nuighbidh Dia dhuit" (God bless you!) and Irene responded equally gaily a greeting in English, and added, "Brother Solomon, you'll come to our house tonight, won't you, for a song and a dance? Tom the Fiddler will be there, and I know he'll play may of the old tunes you so like to hear!"

"Sure 'n I will. What with your beautiful playing and that of spry Tom the Fiddler, we'll have an uncommon good time. Ye'll find me there betime, that ye will, and bid your Uncle and Aunt Elvira a merry God-speed, won't ye?" and with this he shambled off waving a merry good-bye. Irene greeted all she met with the same invitation, and invariably, they accepted heartily.

It was after seven before Irene had the opportunity to draw her beloved violin from its case to adjust the tones of the strings before the guests would begin to arrive. She fondled and caressed the violin as though it were a little child, and, lifting the bow gently, she thought, "Dear old viol, you're the only memory left to me from dear Dad and Mother! Poor Dad! How glad I am he managed to save his violin for me. I don't know what I should do without it. I believe this violin has caught some of father's spirit, for each time I play, his face and manner come to me ever so much more clearly." Yes, Irene's father had lived and died a poor man but he had always managed to keep his precious violin, that he might one day hand it down to his darling, Irene.

So it was that Irene had grown from infancy to blooming girlhood with the precious

fiddle always at her side. As a babe, she had sat, enraptured with her father's playing. Thus she learned to play at a very early age.

This night, her uncle had returned from Dublin with a new piece of music for her, Kreisler's "Leibisleid." As she began to play, the notes transformed themselves magically into gorgeous strains, much as the silkworm spins its silken cocoon. In Irene's eyes was the light which radiated from the warmth enveloping her soul. "Oh! this is wonderful," she murmured to herself, and scampered to her Uncle's rocker by the fireside and imprinted a grateful kiss on that gentleman's proud and happy face. "You're a dear!" she exclaimed.

Irene's face was aglow with the wonder of the music before her. Oh! she felt that tonight she could play as never before. "What is this mystic something in my veins?" she wondered.

At last, the guests arrived and congregated outside, for peasant homes have no place to receive guests indoors. Irene saw a motley group assembled outside talking glibly to Uncle Patrick and Aunt Elvira, who greeted all in the same genial manner. Tom the Fiddler, too, she saw there seated on a stool beside the door. "Too bad poor Tom is blind and can't see the happy faces about him," she thought. "But I'm sure he, too, can feel the gaety in the air, for they say that when one sense is dulled, the other becomes the keener."

Soon Irene was drawn into the group, and she thoroughly enjoyed her part in a gay old Irish Reel Dance, while Tom played "The Irish Washerwoman."

When the last strains of melody had subsided, Thomas McAvery sought out Irene. She had noticed his eyes upon her continually, and had tried to avoid them, but now he was at her side.

Feeling encouraged by her gay mood, he drew her casually aside. Irene felt she knew what he wished to speak to her about but did not demur. She sat meekly on a huge moss-covered rock beside the cottage and listened to what he had to say. "Irene," he said, "why don't ye listen to me and marry me soon? I could give ye more than many other fellows hereabout. My farm is the largest in all this section and think how happy ye'd be all settled in yere own cottage caring for yere own farm, and all the other lasses not married."

"Yes, I know, Thomas," she answered, admiring his tenacity of purpose if nothing else, "but I don't love you. I've told you before, and besides, I could never part with my violin and that's what I'd have to do were I married to you. No, Thomas, I'm sorry!"

As Irene turned to join the others, he laid a restraining hand on her arm and asked, "Irene, have ye heard that the great Kreisler is going to play in Dublin tomorrow evening? Dublin is filled with excitement over the event. I thought maybe ye'd like to go to hear him, would ye?"

Irene couldn't imagine what had prompted this outburst of generosity but her voice was filled with eagerness as she answered, "Oh, Thomas, would you take me really? That would be truly wonderful of you, for to hear him play would be the greatest magic on earth to me!"

She saw a light of triumph in Thomas' eyes as he pressed his advantage. "Irene, I'll take ye to Dublin if ye promise to be my wife. Will ye?"

The glorious eagerness faded from her eyes as she realized the reason for Thomas' offer. "No, Thomas, I'm sorry. I'll have to disappoint you again." With shoulders and head erect, she left him before he could say a word or even think of anything to detain her. She had left him to join the others.

Timothy, the village story-teller, was in the midst of Irene's favorite story. "Ah," she thought, "I'm glad I left Thomas now for Timothy's just telling the story of the young girl who was carried away in a coffin by the fairies." Timothy was saying: "And all this time, the girl felt very sad for she could speak ne'er a word. But one day, the young farmer overheard the fairies talking about the girl they had carried off. He found out why the girl could not talk and hastened to her house as fast as he could go. Stealing up softly behind the girl's chair, he saw the silver pin and jerked it quickly from her ear and she began to speak."

Irene knew how the story would end, for she had heard it many times. "How happy that girl must have been," she thought. "To think that a silver pin had kept her from speaking, and from marrying the man she loved. How I wish something like that would happen to me. Oh, such nonsense! I grow to be more and more of a dreamer each day. Such things happen only in legends!"

"It's a perfectly lovely story, Timothy," she praised. "And now, just for that, I'll play you my new piece. Uncle bought it for me in Dublin," and she cast a grateful glance at her Uncle's beaming face.

After having listened to Timothy's story, the group was in just the right mood for Irene's playing. As she felt the eyes of the group upon her, she felt that she had never had such a quiet audience. When she had finished, she knew she had never played so beautifully.

As the hour was late, the cottage gradually lost the gayety of voices and the stars peeped solemnly, brilliantly down on a quiet, thatched-roofed cottage.

The stillness of night settled on Irene's soul and she tried to sleep. Still, magic thoughts persisted and her mind was an effervescing whirlpool of thought. "How I'd love to hear the concert tomorrow night! I wonder if I couldn't manage to make some money playing on the streets of Dublin. Story-tellers make money that way. I think I'll try it, and maybe I'll earn enough to go to the concert tomorrow with Cousin Lavinia and stay with her overnight. I'll tell Aunt Elvira and Uncle I want to visit Lavinia; I'm sure they won't mind my going. I mustn't tell them I'm going to play for Aunt would want to give me the money to hear the concert and they can ill afford it. No, I'll manage without doing that, but I do want to go!" Her brain was very exhausted from the day's excitement, and soon she was lost in dreams of the morrow.

The next morning, Irene's aunt consented to her going to Dublin to visit her cousin. She knew that an occasional holiday was good for her, and she seldom asked favors. As Irene and her Uncle rode away, Aunt Elvira waved a cheery goodbye, saying, "Have a good time, my dear, and don't forget to wait for Uncle on Sunday morning. He'll come in time enough for you to go to church."

"Yes, I will, Aunt, and don't worry about me!" she called back, and the wagon now rambled down the road toward Dublin at a rapid pace.

As the horse jaunted carelessly along, Irene's heart fluttered excitedly. Her spirit was wafted away on a magic carpet when in reality it was merely a prosaic wagon.

Even the sun seemed to her never to have been brighter, and she pitied the girls she saw working in the fields on such a glorious day.

A tall spire of a cathedral in the distance grew nearer and nearer. At last, they had reached Dublin!

As they entered the city, Irene told her Uncle not to bother taking her to Cousin Lavinia's as she wanted to walk along the street awhile. It was a long while since she had been to Dublin and naturally her curiosity seemed natural to her uncle and he stopped to allow her to dismount and then, with the warning that she take care of herself, went about his usual duties before returning home.

With purposeful step, Irene made her way toward the magnificent cathedral nearby. Its tall spires loomed graciously into the blue sky, while its handsome arches curved protectingly. "I could not have found a better place to play," she thought as she stood beneath a stone arch. She was no longer part of the mad rush of people and cars in the street. Drawing the violin tenderly beneath her chin, she began to play, her heart pounding with the joyousness of the song. Indifferent passers-by turned their heads toward the waif who made such a striking picture of beauty, inspired to such playing! In a few minutes, there were many coins scattered at her feet.

As she stooped to pick up the coins, a tall, dark-haired stranger had laid a hand on her shoulder. What a magnetic personality stood before her! One hasty glance revealed a tall, dark-haired man slightly passed middle age, his head covered with thick, curly locks. As her gaze shifted to his hands, his identity flashed through her mind like an electric shock—it was Kreisler!

Before she could think of anything to say, he spoke: "My dear, you play with marvelous feeling. I should like to hear you play something else for me—anything you like."

She could not speak for fear the magic spell would be broken. It could not be she. This encounter was even more miraculous than the tale Timothy had told about the silver pin! Her eagerness gave an added sparkle to her eyes.

"That was beautifully done," he praised when she had finished and waited eagerly for his verdict. "I do not think I am mis-

(Continued on page 18)

Geese In Northward Flight

By EDNA RUST

*Out on the landscape dark with cold, I rest
My eyes, as now I dream on thoughts untold.
The distant smoke still rises as heretofore
Like lazy elfins tumbling o'er the hill.
The clouds of storm so large and bold now hide
The familiar stretch of blue of Wilbr'am's hills.
The world has donned a coat of doltishness;
And all my thoughts of life seem swept beyond.*

*Then a sudden cry of wonder comes,
And there outlined against the grey of sky,
A flying squadron wings its northbound way.
Heeding not the savage wind of storm
These mighty geese their line of flight do take.
Four V's of perfect rank and form they keep
As leaders, in flanking file they follow, bravely,
Through clouds of snow, and wind, and hail, and rain.*

*Further and further into the grey beyond they fly,
These birds of North and South, until at last it seems
To me, that cinders speck the cloud-filled sky,
So small this flock appears, when miles and miles
Have swept the air, between the flock and me.
I look where flooding waters cover land—
Gray stumps, brown banks, with spots of green still there.
But to my heart has come a lingering calm,
Awed at the rhythmic wonder of it all.*

Our Agricultural Department

By STANLEY SAVAGE

The Agricultural Department is now well along in its third year at Agawam. This department offers a regular 4 year course, the units of which are, Poultry Raising, Vegetable Gardening, Animal Husbandry and Fruit Culture. The Seniors who graduate this year have had to cover what was possible of this 4 year course in 3 years. Pupils who intend to elect Agriculture should start in the freshman year, because the agriculture situation is so extensive locally that even 4 years is all too short a time to cover such a broad field.

The Spring term especially, is a busy season, for pupils are starting their individual projects in poultry and gardening as well as acquiring practice in pruning, grafting and spraying of fruit trees.

During the winter months farm shop work and farm mechanics are taught us. One group takes farm shop work in Mr. Harris' Shop, while another group take a semblance of farm mechanics at a local garage (Corriveau and Hall).

The time during the fall is spent partly in class room and partly on local farms and at judging contests. The latter are conducted at the Massachusetts State College.

Local farms provide the laboratory for us, but most schools have a scientific laboratory available, also during regular school sessions demonstration and practice so far as possible is carried on by visiting local farms. Eight different farms are affording practice this year. This is in addition to our boys' farms which are located in Agawam and Feeding Hills. Harold Bailey is the exception because he has a farm in Connecticut. The department at the writing is literally "swamped" with requests for pruning, grafting and testing demonstrations at the boys' respective neighborhoods. Until more boys become competent to perform such skills many requests must wait.

Classroom hours are from 9 to 3 daily, one-half of the school time is spent on agricultural study of the most modern authority available (The instructor's personal opinion is kept in the background.) The other half of the school time is for required academic studies. No pupil in agriculture can graduate without first acquiring a broad cultural training. The fine co-operation of the English department is a most promising aspect of our agriculture objective. The efforts to stimulate interest in the State and National Speaking Contests by the boys, is surely bearing fruit for Agawam has emerged victorious, winning first place for Western Massa chusetts and this year finished in second place.

Public speaking and debating should command a high place in every school, and those who heard Daniel DiDonato speak this year agree that he told his audience something.

Kenneth Brown, Harold Bailey and Elbert Jenks have attracted wide attention in the state by exhibiting and judging live stock. "Ken" ranked among the six highest scorers in the state elimination contest in live stock judging. All are 4-H Club members which bespeaks the advantage in keeping up 4-H Club membership and enthusiasm. The restraint of school discipline is released by club activity and some local Vocational Agricultural boys are hopeful of starting a chapter of the Future Farming America (F. F. A.), the nation wide organization of Vocational Agricultural students.

Many think that Agawam presents unusual opportunities and a broad field for farm activity. Boys who think they cannot go to college may get valuable cultural training in addition to vocational requirements in skill through practice, that should enable them to be useful and valuable

(Continued on page 19)

Bluebirds and Robins

The bluebird is perhaps first of all birds in the affections of the rural population of New England. Its gentle notes, at first a mere wandering voice in the skies, comes down to us as a sure augury of returning spring. The robins renew the vernal prophecy, but when the bluebird warbles gently from leafless trees, and flits from fence to house tops, we feel that the very spirit of spring has come. It is quite probable, though, that some of these early birds which have come from the south in February will be starved and frozen during the extreme cold weather and snowstorms which will follow their appearance. Most of them, however, will contrive to exist until warm weather appears.

The bluebird needs no defense; it has long been regarded as a harmless species, for it takes practically none of man's products, and boards itself. But many small fruit growers have long looked upon the robin as an inveterate enemy; and really, it cannot be denied that this bird is sometimes a serious pest to these growers. It is often asserted that the robin selects the very choicest of fruits, but this is not always true, for many robins, like the bluebirds, prefer wild fruit which is very disagreeable to man. In selecting its food, the bluebird, like the robin, is governed as much by abundance as by choice. The vegetable food of the bluebird proves its harmlessness to crops. It consists almost entirely of wild berries; a few blackberries are eaten, and a little grass and asparagus. Nevertheless, the robin is probably more useful than a bluebird. However, the utility of the bluebird must be acknowledged, although it perhaps eats more beneficial insects in proportion to the harmless ones than does the robin. The bluebird comes close to the robin as a cutworm destroyer, and at times, it is an efficient caterpillar hunter.

We like to see a reddish brown robin come hopping along over a lawn, with head erect, looking and perhaps listening for worms and grubs; but personally, I would rather see a pretty bluebird swiftly swoop down on a nearby tree, look around a few times, and then rapidly fly away. No matter, both robin and bluebird undoubtedly well

deserve the welcome annually accorded to them.

Lena Lodi.

ON UNPREPARING LESSONS

There really are a few studious people in school who can do every assignment perfectly without even grumbling, but these people are very few and far between.

Once in a while, perhaps, you are given a Latin assignment which certain girls in an advanced class, say is very difficult. You take the book home grudgingly and wonder why Caesar ever took a notion to write his commentaries.

After walking home from school you feel tired, and put Caesar off until evening. After a joyous afternoon you hear Dad come in and turn on the radio. Of course, anyone should know that you can't translate Caesar with that on, but still, that's a pretty good orchestra, so you settle down to listen—, and that's the last thought of Caesar for the present.

At about six o'clock dinner is ready and then, the seemingly never-ending dishes have to be washed. Finally, at about seven-thirty you decide that you'll have to go upstairs to study. You spend about a half an hour in preparation and settle down for some good concentration, only to find that you don't know what the lesson is. Calling a friend on the telephone, you only find that she has gone to the movies. "Well," you decide, "I'll have to try to remember it."

Finally you are again settled in your room for some valuable study. Then a heavy step on the stairs proclaims the arrival of the friend. Your friend bursts into the room announcing that she and a small party are going to the theatre, and demanding whether or not you want to go.

Rushing down the stairs with one arm in your coat while the other hand supports a hat, scarf, gloves, and a pocketbook, you shout to mother that you are going to the movies and will be home late.

"But what about the Latin?" is mother's eager request.

"Maybe she won't call on me for translation—," and the door slams shut.

W. K. Carroll.

Editorials

A SUGGESTION

Agawam High School has grown rapidly since its first year. It has not only increased its enrollment but it has increased the number and importance of its extra-curricula activities. A few years ago a student could participate in all activities. But now one must devote more time than before in practice if he goes out for a sport. The circulation and size of the school magazine has so increased that it requires more time from the members of its staff. In addition to these activities, there has been added a large number of clubs including the Hi-Y club, the Aviation club, the Latin club, the Dramatic club, and the French club which is the oldest club in school. Each of these activities demand time in addition to the regular school work. Therefore if a student is participating in too many of these activities the burden he carries will bring down his work.

The members of a student body often elect a student to different offices in many different extra-curricula activities. When a student does well in one organization it is natural to name him for office in other organizations. Yet everyone knows that if you spread a ball of butter over a slice of bread there is a thick layer of butter, but if you try to spread it over many slices of bread the layer of butter gets thinner and thinner. So it is, if a student applies himself to one or two extra-curricula activities, he can do each well, but if he tries a great many tasks they are all going to suffer neglect. Too often a student accepts as many offices as offered him or joins too many activities. Thus he is making out his own failure in one or more of the activities.

Moreover, trying to do too many things will eventually bring his marks down because one really hasn't the time to do all well. After all, the reason we come to school is to study, so studies should come first.

For the above reasons we think that there should be some ruling regarding this matter. We propose that each student be allowed to participate in a limited number of extra-curricula activities. The limit reached, he can no longer enter into any other extra-curricula activity. This ruling might be hard to take at times but it would be doing those it concerned, a good turn.

ANOTHER CHANCE

We have just returned from our spring vacation fresh and vigorous. The school has been washed clean from top to bottom. The sprouting green on the lawn assures us that spring is here. Everything seems to smile, even the air makes the blood tingle with a refreshing touch.

This is an opportunity for us to start on a clean slate. The vacation has supplied us with energy to carry us through until June. So let's apply ourselves to our studies, make every day count something from now until June. Let's keep the building fresh and clean and let's not hinder the growth of the lawn by walking on it.

Mirrored Events

Junior Cabaret

On April 8, 1932, the Junior Class sponsored a Cabaret for the purpose of raising money for the Junior Prom. The Cabaret turned out to be a huge success, thanks to Miss Eleanor Miller, Faculty Advisor, and to the committees in charge:

Donald Kenney—Chairman of Ticket Committee.

Ida Ricci—Chairman of Entertainment Committee.

Richard Shields—Chairman of Refreshment Committee.

The Junior Promenade will be held on May thirteenth. Plans are already underway, under the direction of Miss Miller, and the Committees. The Chairman of these committees are as follows:

Virginia Brinton—Chairman of Courtesy Committee.

Ida Ricci—Chairman of Decoration Committee.

Billy O'Connor—Chairman of Music Committee.

Madelyn Haynes—Chairman of Refreshment Committee.

Press Conference

Three members of *The Agawam Mirror* staff, Alfred Goulet, Edson Ferrell, and Creighton Abrams attended the third convention of the Western Massachusetts League of School Publications at South Hadley High School, March 18. The meeting was the most interesting to date. Dr. Mary Ellen Chase, professor of English at Smith College, spoke on "Taste and Imagination in High School Publications." Principal Harry Marsh, of Technical High School, spoke on "What a paper means to a school." Following the business session the meeting adjourned to the discussion groups. After the luncheon everyone enjoyed an amusing entertainment at the town hall.

Agawam High School Agricultural Students Guests of The West Springfield Chapter of Future Farmers' Organization

Nine members of the Agriculture Department and Mr. Moseley attended a meeting of the Future Farmers' Organization at the West Side High School, March 22, 1932 at 8.15 P. M.

The meeting was well conducted. Plans have been made to hold a beautifying contest. Each member of the club is eligible to enter the contest. The one who improves his home and farm to the greatest extent gets a prize.

The entertainment for the evening was a basketball game between the Agawam Aggies and the West Side Aggies. The Agawam Aggies won by a large score, 26 to 1.

The Importance of an International Mind

On March 15, 1932, Mr. Gaylord W. Douglas, the New England Secretary of the National Council for Prevention of War, spoke on the subject, "The Importance of an International Mind." Mr. Douglas spoke last year on a similar subject, "Our Shrinking Earth." He pointed out that eighteenth century isolation was impossible with our modern means of communication.

Speaking Contest

On March 23, 1932, Daniel DiDonato spoke in Assembly Hall on the interesting subject, "Balancing Agriculture," a talk which he had prepared for the speaking contest. He stressed the fact that unless the producers of milk stand together with the consumer, they cannot expect to have a Bank Balance.

"IT WON'T BE LONG NOW"

The Senior Play will be presented Friday evening April 29, at 8.00 P. M., in the Auditorium. Coaching for the play began under the direction of Miss Lilly, but due to sickness the directing of the play was given to Miss Phealan. Miss Phealan was also taken ill, so Mr. Williams is now supervising the play, "It Won't Be Long Now."

The cast will be as follows:—

Ann Winston.....	Vera Alvergini
Robert Preston.....	Alfred Goulet
Dr. Talley.....	Edson Ferrell
Vivian Darrell.....	Rose Conte
Thomas (the Butler).....	Everret Pond
Dobson.....	Primo Mutti
Miss Wilkes.....	Gertrude Wheeler
Meek.....	Earnest Swanson
Beansy.....	Kenneth Blanchard
Rev. Dr. Loring.....	Charles Benoit
Officer.....	Gerald Cleary
Cullen.....	Creighton Abrams
Photographer.....	Tony Zerra
Olga.....	Norma Broggi
Francis.....	Lavinia Raisbeck

The orchestra under the direction of Miss Perry will furnish the music for the occasion.

{There will be dancing in the gym after the play.

Miss Conte's cast first presented the play before The Parent-Teachers' Association at the High School. Miss Renton's cast presented the play at a later date before the meeting of the Men's Club at the Agawam Center School.

Mr. Williams, Miss Lilly, and Miss Belyea judged the two performances on dramatic technique, and selected the best players from each cast to present the play before the Senior High in the assembly. The final cast was as follows:

Dyke.....	Edson Ferrell
Warden.....	Alfred Goulet
Father Daly.....	Gerald Cleary
The Girl.....	Vera Alvergini
Attendant.....	Joseph Assad

The scenery for the play was made by Clayton Moore and Myrven Barnard, aided by Dorothy Geoffrion and Rita Provost.

"The Valiant"

A one act play, "The Valiant" was recently presented by the Dramatic Club under the supervision of Miss Phealan, on three separate dates. Two casts had been selected from members of the club, each cast being coached by a senior girl. One was coached by Miss Ethel Renton and the other by Miss Rose Conte. The casts were as follows:

Miss Renton's Cast

Dyke.....	Clayton Moore
Warden.....	Alfred Goulet
Father Daly.....	Myrven Barnard
The Girl.....	Odette Besette
Attendant.....	Joseph Assad

Miss Conte's Cast

Dyke.....	Edson Ferrell
Warden.....	Daniel DiDonato
Father Daly.....	Gerald Cleary
The Girl.....	Vera Alvergini
Attendant.....	Robert Bennett

Our story in this number "The Magic in Her Violin," was suggested by the following which appeared in *The News Review* for February 22.

LOCAL GIRL

Fritz Kreisler, the noted violinist, has a protegee. He discovered her fiddling for pence in the murky streets of Dublin, where he was giving a concert. On his way to the theatre one night recently he heard her playing by the curb. He was impressed. After listening for a while he approached the dazed young street fiddler and took her to his hotel, where he had her play once more. As a result Lillian Mack of County Westmeath is now giving a one-woman concert in Dublin.

Athletics

By WALTER MOSLEY

Agawam at Easthampton

By some mistake, the game played on February was omitted from the last issue. It was played at Easthampton and Agawam was victorious by 14 points, 28-14. Moseley and Jones were high scorers.

Commerce at Agawam

On February 19, Commerce High visited Agawam and defeated our team by one point, 14-13. It was a hard fought game and certainly no disgrace to lose it. Jones was high scorer with five points.

Agawam at West Springfield

West Side was out to beat Agawam on February 24, but was disappointed, for Jones and Benoit came through in the last few minutes with five points. West Side failed to obtain the lead and the final score was Agawam 21, West Side 18.

THE M. A. C. TOURNAMENT

Agawam vs. Amherst

On March 3, the Agawam team played their first game in the 1932 M. A. C. Tournament, and, although Captain Benoit was eliminated by a wound inflicted in the first few minutes of play, our boys managed, with Stanley Nacewicz substitute, to defeat Amherst High by a score of 31-9.

At Amherst

Agawam vs. Williamstown

Agawam's second game in the Tournament was with Williamstown, the final champions, and although our boys fought hard from beginning to end, they failed to obtain the lead. Williamstown won with the help of Bates who scored 13 points. Final score 22-13.

THE GIRLS' BASKETBALL VARSITY

The girls' basketball varsity team had a successful season as the result of the good cooperation of the players and Miss Edgell.

The first game, Agawam vs Windsor Locks, on February 29, 1932, at Agawam, proved successful for the Agawam girls. Agawam defeated Windsor Locks 18-13. Ellen Ross was leading scorer for Agawam with 9 points; M. Tracy was the leading scorer for the visiting team with 8 points.

On March 8, 1932, Agawam played International at International College. It was a hard fought game with International in the lead to the last quarter, when the Agawam Girls, in a brilliant comeback, won by a score of 26-21. Both teams played a superb game of basketball. Ellen Ross, high scorer for Agawam, had 17 points; Mary Tassie, leading scorer for International had 20 points.

On March 11, 1932, Agawam contended with West Hartford at West Hartford. The Agawam Girls chalked up another victory winning by a score of 25-19. Ellen Ross was leading scorer for Agawam with 22 points; Richardson was leading scorer for West Hartford with 13 points.

In the last game, March 17, 1932, the Agawam Girls succumbed to a defeat by International at Agawam. Both teams played brilliantly. The Agawam varsity team rallied in the last quarter. Ellen Ross, Agawam had 15 points; Mary Tassie, International, had 22 points.

Rita Provost.

BASEBALL

The 1932 baseball team will undoubtedly be composed of experienced players because most of last year's team is still with us. The schedule promises a very interesting season, and it is believed it will be well worth one's time to follow this team.

Junior High

By FLORENCE RASCHI

"BO"

One day a strange pussy appeared at the door,

None of the family had seen him before. He seemed quite at home and had no wish to go,

But because he came wandering, we called him "Bo."

His manners were shocking, many rude things he did,

Any cream, fish, or meat must be carefully hid.

His disliked extremely to leave home at night,

And, if we tried to oust him, he put up a fight.

One night upon retiring, Dad found "Bo" in his room

So decending to the kitchen, he straightway sought a broom,

"Bo" proved himself elusive, darting quick, from left to right,

And Dad puffed with perspiration, as he plied the broom with spite.

But he cried at last, "I have him," and he closed the cellar door,

"'Twas a task, but he is captured and will trouble us no more."

When at last his room he entered, tired and feeling sore,

To his rage and consternation, "Bo" was sitting right there, as before.

Ruth Smith.

CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

The Current Events Club, sponsored by Mrs. Phillips, held its annual skating party at Mill Pond, Thursday, February 25, after school.

More than fifty members were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris were guests of the club.

Refreshments consisting of hot dogs, doughnuts, and bananas were greatly enjoyed.

Dorothy Copeland, Secretary.

THE MISERABLE GOAT

"And hurry up" ordered mother as I left the steps to go to Molly's party. I liked Molly and so did Jim. I had dressed neatly in hopes of getting there before he did. As I hurried through the fields I came to an old tree on which there was a sign, "Beware of the goat." I paid little attention to it because it was a very old and broken sign. By this tree, was a spring of clear, cold water. I decided to take a drink. As I was leaning over I saw a little trout dashing around in the water. I became interested and intently, I watched him. Suddenly, I was startled by a reflection of a goat in the water. Before I could turn around, something hit me and into the spring I tumbled. Quickly, I got the mud out of my mouth and eyes. There, upon the bank was the goat. I climbed out on the opposite side but then the goat started to chase me. Finally, I came upon a tree which I climbed. Looking up I saw a nest of hornets. Well, this was too much for me! I dropped from the tree and started to run home. To my dismay, the goat and hornets followed. Mother saw me rushing home and asked what was the matter. I answered, "Nothing, only I didn't notice a sign, 'Beware of the Goat.'"

Robert Weber, 7-2.

POETRY CONTEST

All students in Grade 8 English classes have been competing in a poetry contest and the following will represent their respective divisions:

8-1: Madeline Conte, Ethel Jacques, and Vincent Gallerani.

8-2: Dorcas Pugh.

8-3: Gordon Byrnes and George Freeman.

8-4: Doris Burgess.

8-5: Rose Biuso.

The final contest will be held soon in the auditorium and a prize will be awarded by Mrs. Phillips to the winner.

ALUMNI

Walter Bodman has been attending Massachusetts State College and is a member of the graduating class of 1935.

Chester Bailey and his wife (formerly Ola Campbell) are now living in Brattleboro, Vermont.

James Reynolds is attending Massachusetts State College and has been doing some very brilliant playing on the basketball team. In fact, it is the opinion of one spectator at least, that he won the New Hampshire game for his team.

Kathleen Grimes of the Class of '30, is working for the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company in Springfield.

Grace Brady is attending Skidmore College. She was a member of the Class of '30, and will graduate from College in 1935.

Flory Costa, also a member of the Class of 1930, is attending Massachusetts State College, and is the star on her Sophomore Class Basketball Team. She is also a member of one of the College's fraternities.

Inez Lucardi became a secretary for the Veterans of Foreign Wars immediately after graduating, and she is now working for the Springfield Gas Light Company.

Alfred Roy is studying at Bay Path Institute in Springfield.

Jerry Zerra is a mechanic in Mr. O'Connor's garage in Feeding Hills.

Emma Ricci and Mary (Verda) Fitzgerald, graduated from the stenographic course at Bay Path last January and Grace Merrill entered Bay Path in February to take the same course.

Richard Merrell is the holder of the Thomas M. Rogers Scholarship for this year, was exempt from the final examination in Applied Mechanics last semester, and was among those who won third honors for that term.

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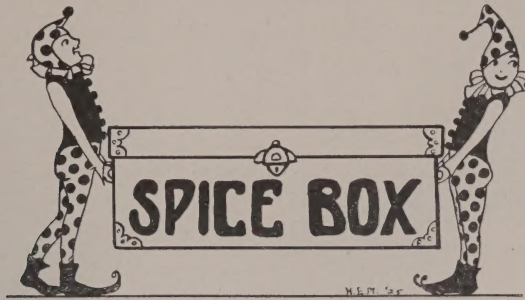
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Given: A cat.

To prove: A cat has nine lives.

1. A cat has one life.
2. No cat has eight lives.
3. One cat has one more life than no cat.
4. One cat must have nine lives. - *Helios*.

Teacher, giving an illustration: "I am going to let my hat represent the moon."

Star Pupil: "Is the moon inhabited?"

John: "You say you have only three brothers?"

Ralph: "That's right."

John: "Well, that's peculiar. Your sister said she had four."

Teacher: "Can you hear me in the back of the room?"

Chorus of voices from rear: "No."

Prisoner: "I'll do anything I can."

Warden: "Well, don't put yourself out."

History Teacher: "What is a 'rider'?"

Freshman: "Paul Revere."

Policeman: "What caused the accident?"

Driver: "My wife fell asleep in the back seat."

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Agawam

(Continued from page 7)

taken in saying you have real talent and that it should be cultivated."

"Oh, Herr Kreisler!" she burst forth, "If you but meant what you said! Oh, I'm glad." But her expression was downcast when she said, "But I could never continue my study. We are too poor."

She was not prepared for his next words. They took her breath away: "Oh, but my dear girl, I shall arrange to pay for your lessons. That's to be understood. Talent like yours should not go unaided." As she ventured to thank him, he waved aside her attempts. "No, please don't thank me. I shall feel amply repaid with your final success, and tonight, give this card to the doorman and you need not bother about tickets for this evening's concert. Bring a friend with you if you wish. I shall look forward to speaking further with you after the concert tonight. Until tonight, then, my dear, and may God bless you!"

From eyes dimmed with tears, Irene saw Herr Kreisler drive away in a cab. Her happiness brought a rush of tears, the overflow of too-abundant joy. A solitary tear fell upon her violin—"If only Dad were here!" she mused.

A JOKE THAT FAILED

One Saturday night, out on the old farm in the country, I decided to play a joke on my brother, who was out on the lake fishing.

I took several pans from the cupboard and tied them on one end of a string, and the other end I tied to the door knob. Next, I put the pans on the edge of the shelf over the door so that they would fall easily at the slightest jerk. I then crept up the stairs to await my brother's return.

Suddenly, the door opened and there was a great crashing and stumbling of feet which sounded like a cement mixer working on a road. Quick as a wink a thought flashed into my mind—my mother had gone out that same night. The light snapped on and my terror-stricken half-angry mother came up the stairs with fire in her eyes. I tried to slip under the blankets but all too late. I shall never forget the results of the joke that failed.

Abbie Abrams, 7-1.

(Continued from page 9)

citizens, capable of self-expression and a better realization of self and others, and then later if possible, to attend college. They are eligible provided they have met the grade of a four year course at high school which leads to a degree of B. V. E. (Bachelor of Vocational Education).

All work and no play makes for dullness. This we see to by making ice-cream fresh from the farm. Each pupil has an opportunity to test milk with a Babcock Tester. We also learn the principles of bridge grafting and bark grafting in the agricultural room, not to omit that we test soil for lime in the fall and spring.

All of us make up different teams to judge live stock, vegetables, poultry and fruit. On the live stock team we find K. Brown, Bailey, P. D'Amato and Kane; fruit, Provo, Hastings, and P. D'Amato; Poultry, Bennett, Daubitz and myself. Earl Cesan, Cassens and Parent comprise the Vegetable team. We all share our expenses equally. Of these teams the live stock team has distinguished themselves.

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THE OLD MAN

A tall man with his back to us, sat hunched on a stool. His sandy hair, sprinkled with white, grew in every which way, while a large bald spot peeped from under an old felt hat, pulled down firmly on his head. His overalls were in sore need of washing, while his sweater, which was originally green, now a smudgy brown, was full of holes. He suddenly turned around, revealing to us a bright red face and a still redder nose. As he smiled, his large mouth opened wide, showing us his toothless gums.

Barbara Phelps.

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